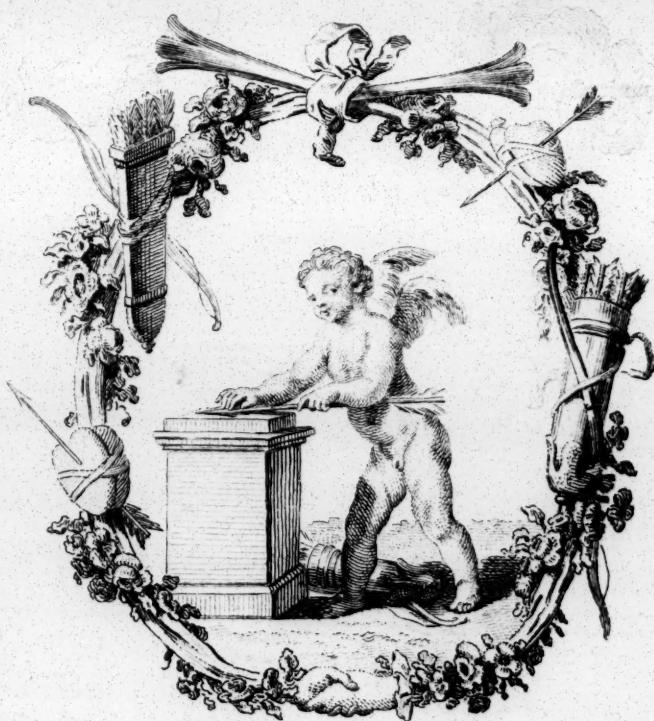


Y O U T H F U L
A M U S E M E N T S,
I N
V E R S E:
O N
Different Occasions.

Vacui sub Umbra.



L O N D O N :

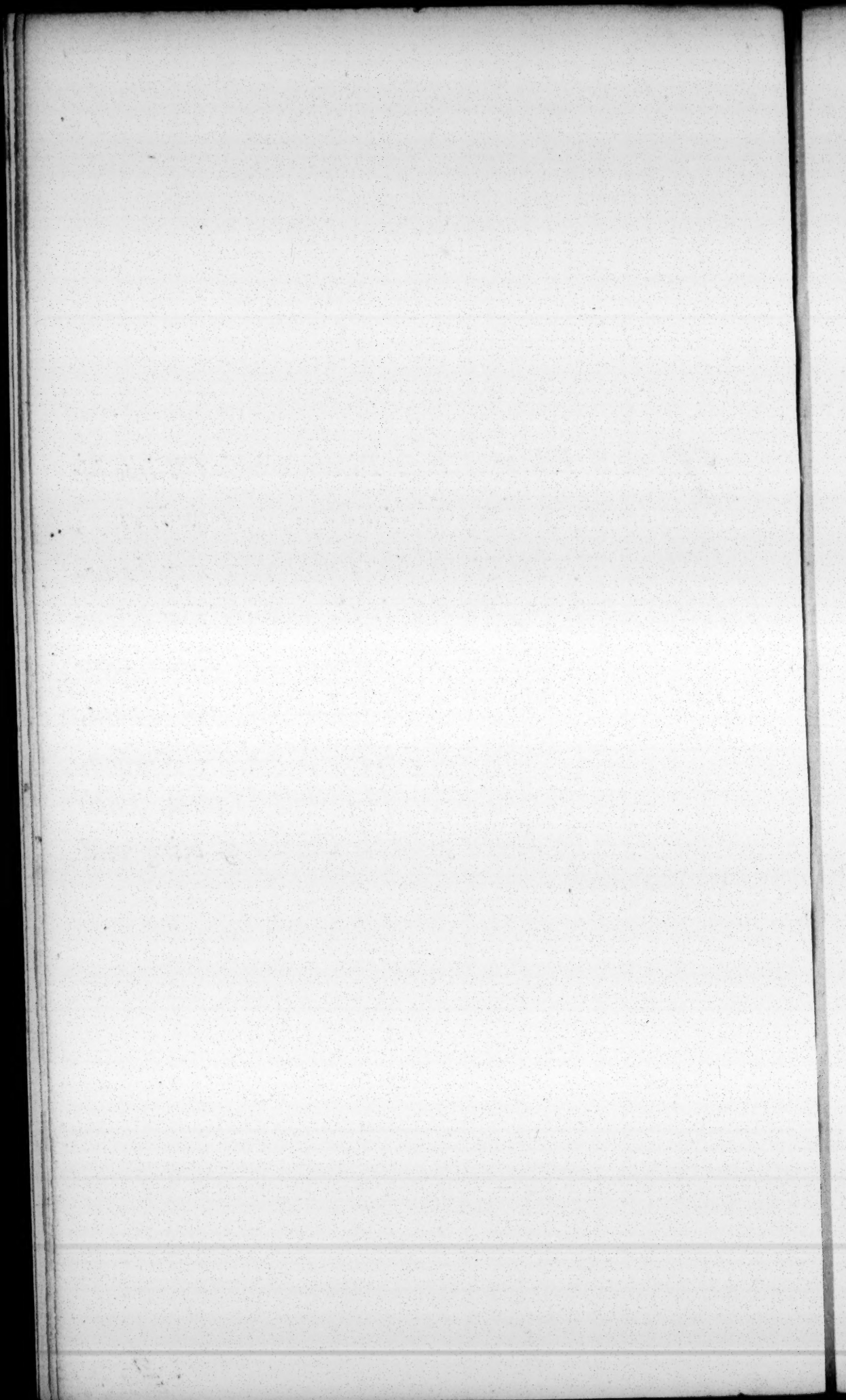
Printed for W. OWEN, at *Homer's Head*, near *Temple-Bar*.
MDCCLVII.

(Price One Shilling.)

23 June 1764



THE Editor of these Pieces, which fell into his Hands by Accident, is a Stranger to the Writer; therefore an Apology for the Publication may be necessary; and the following is the only one that he can make to the Author or the Public. The Pieces were read by some Men esteemed for Learning and Genius, who, if they did not highly applaud, did not condemn, but admitted a Simplicity and Feeling in them, which might save the Editor from the Censure of being void of Judgment.

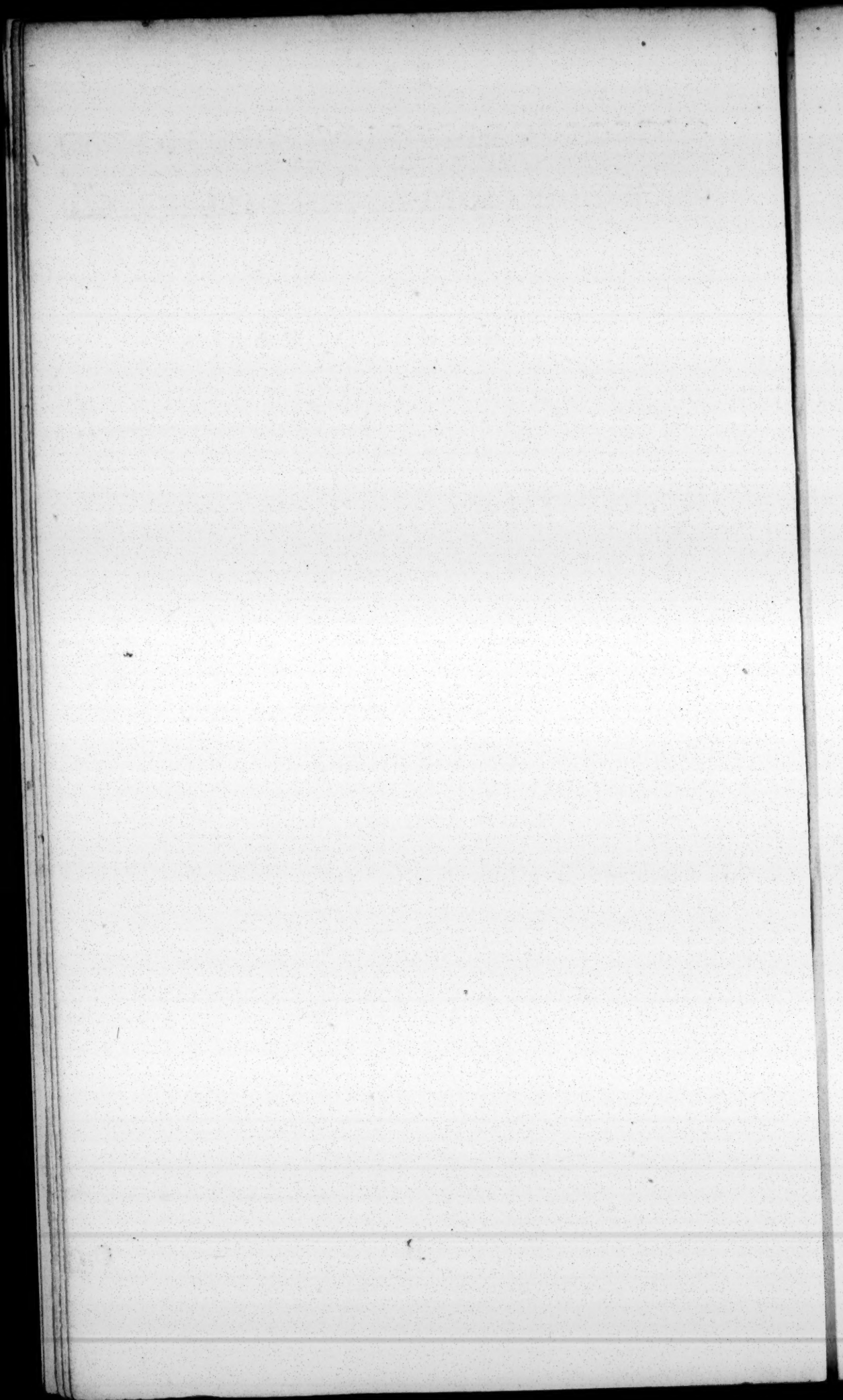


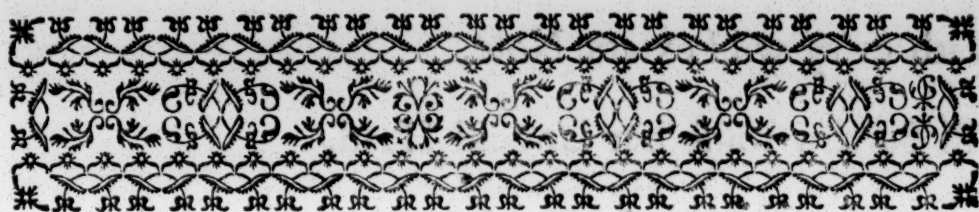


TO THE HONOURABLE

Lady *M*—————*y* *C*—————*l*.

A YOUTH who, careless as he stray'd
In CAPEL's Vale, rude Rhymes essay'd,
Nor fought a Poet's lofty Name,
Design'd for other Fields of Fame,
Now bidding to the Muse Adieu,
Inscribes his youthful Toys to you.
Go Children of a love-lorn Mind,
Go to the Friend of human Kind,
A gentler Judge ye may not chuse,
Be happy, if she twice peruse,





Youthful Amusements.



On the MARRIAGE of Lady C—y.

O Venus, regina Cnidi Paphique,

Sperne dilectam Cypron, &c.

GODDESS of the rosy Smile,
Leave your favour'd *Cyprian* Isle,

Hither, drawn by faithful Doves,

Waft your Graces and your Loves :

Come on Tiptoe Jollity,

* Youth's unlovely without thee ;

* *Parum comis sine te Juventas.*

And let Music lightly float,
 With ev'ry wild extatic Note,
 Till Sorrow rouse her languid Head,
 And Sickneſs ſpurn her loathſome Bed.

Zephyr, on thy fragrant Wing,
 All the Sweets of *India* bring;
 And what in fair *Ierne* grows,
 Scatter with thy darling Roſe;
 Roſes round my Temples twine,
 Bind with Roſe the ſparkling Wine,
 Let the God o'erflow the Bowl;
 Wine unlocks the Miſer's Soul,
 Stretches Care on Beds of Down,
 And gives to Poverty a Crown.

Momus, join this feſtive Crew,
 All to COVENTRY is due;

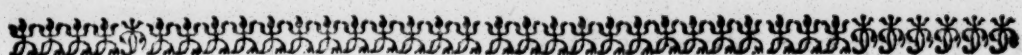
Ev'ry



Ev'ry Voice, and ev'ry Lay,
Celebrate her Nuptial Day ;
Without Sorrow, let her see,
Children fair, and lov'd as She ;
And let Honours crown their Youth,
Spotless as their Father's Truth.



EPISTLE



EPISTLE to A. S——n, *Esquire.*

Tecum etenim longos memini consumere Soles.

April, 1754.

HOW long will Crowds and Pageantry and
Noise,

From Friendship hold Thee, and its social Joys ;
From Scenes, where lavish Nature, as she goes,
Plants Forest-Oaks, and flings the Garden-Rose,
While in her Footsteps Art and Judgment move,
Prune her loose Fancies, and her Wilds improve ?

Say, does Ambition ev'ry Thought engage ?
What can Ambition in this trifling Age ?
Or Courts delight Thee, and the splendid Halls
Where Barons hold their midnight Festivals,

Where

Where stately Dames in Robes of many a Dye,
 Iris all hues, perplex the wand'ring Eye;
 MARCHMONT, and COVENTRY, like *July* gay,
 With dove-ey'd BARKER, sweet as new-born *May*;
 And HAMILTON, in form like *Ida's* Queen,
 When to *Anchises'* pious Son * her Mien,
 Loose wavy Locks, and roseat Neck reveal'd
 Her Deity; and PIT who may not yield
 In Grace majestic or endearing Smiles;
 With her, whose gentle Ease to Love beguiles,
 Heart pleasing † WENTWORTH; next appears a Train,
 Stranger to *Hymen* and the Marriage Chain;
 Their Cheeks a maiden Innocence yet dies,
 And Lightnings tremble in their bashful Eyes:

* Dixit: et avertens rosea cervice refulsit,
 Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
 Spiravere; Pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
 Et vera incessu patuit Dea. ————— VIRGIL.

† Lady *Rockingham*.

In all that Blaze of Charms encount'ring Charms,
 What Breast is safe from Love's unerring Arms?
 By Beauty wak'd, the young Desires arise,
 As Blossoms open to the vernal Skies ;
 Nor idly hope that Reason can controul
 The Wish that's formed congenial with the Soul ;
 When Love erects his Empire in the Breast,
 What then is Reason but his Slave at best ?
 In vain it pleads, in vain it would secure
 The glowing Bosom from the Virgin's Power ;
 From JULIAN's Sweetness, Pride of *Portmore's* Race,
 Where Love holds Triumph in an Angel's Face ;
 From *Cynthia's* Blush, the soft celestial Hue
 Of modest Worth that shuns the public View ;
 Oh turn thy Eyes from her too lovely Breast,
 One stolen Sight may rob thy Soul of Rest ;
 Trust not the Tangles of her flowing Hair,
 A thousand Foes to Freedom ambush there ;

Adieu

Adieu to her, or bid Adieu to Ease,
 She's born to conquer, for she's born to please :
 The haughty Fair securely we admire,
 Nor feel the Visittings of soft desire ;
 But pleasing Grace invades each thrilling Vein,
 And Pleasure borders on the House of Pain ;
 Yet who the Chace, tho' painful, would forbear,
 If Worth, like *Cynthia's*, might reward his Care ?
 But Shews of *seeming pure* mislead our Youth,
 And *not to seem*, betrays like want of Truth :
 Near Beauty's Side unless Discretion grows,
 Too soon will Censure blight th' unshelter'd Rose ;
 And if Suspitions haunt the Husband's Breast,
 What then avails it, though the Wife be chaste ?
 The fond Affection of the purest Eye
 Is raging Lust to dark-brow'd Jealousy ;
 Fearful of Proofs, on light Surmise it moves,
 Doats, yet despairs, and murders while it loves.

Haste, then, my Friend, soft Pleasure's Paths foregoe,
Ere flatt'ring Hope betrays to real Woe.

In *Sion*-Fields, where ev'ry Woodlark sings,
We'll trace the Semblances of noblest Things;
That stately Pine, which braves th' insulting Wind,
Much honour'd * PIT, how like thy constant Mind?
Nor to the Sense less sweet than † MURRAY's Tongue,
Though less to Reason, is the Night-bird's Song:
My Shepherd, skill'd in ev'ry feat'ring Line,
Which from a thousand Flocks has vary'd mine,
Who feeds my Sheep with an impartial Hand,
Is YORKE dispensing Justice to the Land.
Nor want we to adorn the lovely Scene,
Thy Sweetness, COLLIER, or ‡ LEWESA's Mien;
To rival them, along the velvet Lawns
Oreads and Dryads, mingling with the Fawns

* *William Pit.*

† *Lord Mansfield.*

‡ *Miss Leves.*

In mazy Dance, salute the jocund Spring,
 Which lightly borne on Zephyr's fragrant Wing
 Earth's Lap impregns; around in wanton Play,
 (Like Knights at Joust upon th' inaugur'g Day
 Of ancient Kings) the jutting Deer contend;
 Ten thousand Birds in Acclamations blend
 Their grateful Songs, while the new liv'ry'd Vales
 With rosy Sweetness take the passing Gales.

The tuneful Mind this Harmony partakes,
 Plum'd like an *Indian* Queen then Fancy wakes,
 And *Clio*, seated in the Laurel-shade
 Where the great Servants of Mankind are laid,
 In Honour's Page records some Hero's Name,
 Or gives thy Virtues, CHARLEMONT, to Fame.
 While sweetly sad, *Melpomene* complains
 Of Maids, too fond, betray'd by perjur'd Swains.

Such Joys will *Sion* give, delightful Dale !

Whose Praise, could ought my simple Rhymes avail,
Should live with Time, and Sons unborn be told,

“ This SEYMOUR plann'd, th' ambitious and the

“ Bold ;

“ Here bloom'd the PIERCIES, great in *Scotland's*

“ Page,

“ A Line of Heroes fam'd thro' many an Age ;

“ 'Twas first on yonder dazy-sprinkled Plains

“ That LUCY call'd forth WALLER's gentle Strains,

“ To Beauty's Praise his silver-Harp was strung,

“ And fair CARLISLE in ev'ry Grove was sung.”

But Themes like these a louder Lay require,

A *Pindar's* Fancy, or a *Flaccus' Lyre* ;

My humble Verse one partial Ear would please,

And tempt a Friend to Shades and letter'd Ease.

Here,

Here, when the Blood with lazy-gated Pace
 Clogs the fine Springs that speed Life's active Race,
 When Eye-fix'd Melancholy's hopeless Band
 'Gin snatch the Rein from Reason's steady Hand,
 We'll climb yon Uplands where * *Hygeia* dwells,
 Of *Dian's* Train, who *Dian's* self excels
 In graceful speed ; before the Peep of Dawn,
 Her hasty Feet oft brush the spangled Lawn,
 Unzon'd her Bosom, fair as falling Snow,
 Girt with the Pard her Waste, an Ewen Bow
 Her left Hand Arms, while fleetier than the Winds,
 O'er Hills and Streams she chafes the panting Hinds.
 We'll join her Sports, rouse Eccho with our Cry,
 Till the scar'd Natives of the Forest fly
 Her babling Voice, then share the reeking Spoil,
 And for the Pleasure gratulate the Toil.

* Goddess of Health.

But when the Sun shoots prone his fervid Beams,
 Parching the fever'd Air ; then lucid Streams,
 Caves and umbrageous Grots, and high-arch'd Trees
 Lending cool Fragrance to the gladsome Breeze,
 Invite to Rest ; nor Stream, cool Cave, or Shade,
 Nor fragrant Breeze from Hill and thymy Glade
 Are wanting here : For not to *Enna's* Field
 Nor fam'd *Valdarn'* may fairer *Sion* yield.
 There oft, my Friend, delighted, we'll explore
 The Arts of Culture and the Farmer's Lore,
 Taught by the * *Sherwood* Bard, who now essays
 The Reed of *Tityrus*, nor idly plays,
 By PAN instructed ; warm with Patriot Zeal,
 That public Virtue makes the public Weal,
 He sings ; Oh to his Strains a Moment spare,
 And make, ye Great, our Woods and Fields your
 Care.

* *Richard Doddsley*, Author of a Poem on Agriculture.

At Eve, mix'd Converse o'er the social Bowl
 And Songs from *Sylvia* will revive the Soul ;
 Thou too, sweet Warbler of the Woods, be near,
 Whose soft Complaining touch the Night's cold
 Ear ;

Lift'ning thy liquid Lay, the pale-ey'd Moon
 Oft sees me loit'ring from her highest Noon ;
Sylvia, with Thee, our Pleasures will prolong,
 And feast the Muses with * alternate Song.

Leave then the Blaze of Courts, the Bar and Strife,
 And taste the Blessings of a rural Life.

* Amant alterna Camenæ.



THYRSIS *and* SYLVIA.
A DIALOGUE.

IN a Grove profuse of Shade
With fair *Sylvia Thyrsis* stray'd,
Her he lov'd with Ardour more
Than e'er Shepherd felt before,
Taught her Praise to ev'ry Breeze,
Grav'd it on a thousand Trees,
Still the Wood-Nymphs shew it there
Tended with uncommon Care;
Eccho kindled at his Flame,
Eccho learn'd and lov'd her Name,
For of her alone he sung,
Subject of his Soul and Tongue;

All

All in vain ; his Songs she read,
 Jested with his Love and said,

SYLVIA. Happy Youth, whose Passion dies
 Breathing amorous tuneful Sighs;
 Who, when Love awakes Desire,
 With the Muse allays its Fire ;
 By the Muse alone possess'd,
Sylvia never broke his Rest.

THYRSIS. *Sylvia*, not to Misers be
 Riches dear, as you to me :
 As all other Brightness dies
 At the Lustre of those Eyes ;
 So my Soul, surveying You,
 Bad all other Forms Adieu.

SYLVIA. Trust me, *Thyrsis*, Time will prove
'Tis not *Sylvia* whom you love,
Sylvia boasts not half those Charms,
But when Youth your Fancy warms,
Fancy, what she frames, admires,
And begets what she desires.

THYRSIS. Fancy from all Womankind
Never such a Form combin'd;
Others that I lov'd were all
Parts of you th' Original:
Thus in Mortals we admire
Sparks of the immortal Fire.

SYLVIA. If indeed thy Love was Truth,
I could pity Thee, fond Youth,
But in Woman's gentle Mind
Pity is to Love inclin'd,

And

And e'en you that Love would blame
Which would bring to *Sylvia* Shame.

THYRSIS. Can that Passion shameful be
Which made best Things, even Thee?
Or can you refuse your Aid
To the Wretch your Charms have made?
'Tis Heaven's Attribute to bless,
Will Heaven's Image then do less?

SYLVIA. Hope not, *Thyrsis*, to defile
Purity you prais'd ere while;
With the Virtue you admire
Soon your Passion will expire:
Had to you my Vow been made,
Could you bear my Faith betray'd?

THYRSIS. Had such Charms for one been made,
 I would blame your Faith betray'd;
 But in Blessings great and rare
 Numbers were design'd to share;
 But one Sun in Heav'n we find,
 And its shar'd by all Mankind.

SYLVIA. How is Reason fall'n indeed
 When it stoops for Vice to plead?
 Thus, perverted from their Use,
 Best Things fall to worst Abuse;
 Cease, fond Shepherd, to pursue,
 What would *Sylvia's* Fame undo.

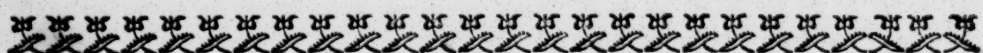
THYRSIS. If, fair Pleader, I must die,
 Be it now beneath your Eye,
 For, of flatt'ring Hope bereft,
 Nought to sweeten Care is left;

Then

Then within your chaste Embrace
Let my Life and Passion cease.

SYLVIA. Why, if *Sylvia* be your Care,
Will you thus her Bosom tear?
Let this Sigh attest my Grief,
And if Pity gives Relief,
Take it; more I dare not give,
Rise, subdue yourself and live.
Then his languid Head she rear'd,
And his fainting Spirits chear'd,
With such Counsel, as a while
Did the Sense of Pain beguile;
But as Calms precede a Storm,
Or as Wretches fever-worn
An Hour's flatt'ring Quiet know,
Prefage of Death's fatal Blow,
So his Pain a Moment ceas'd,
To return with Force increas'd.

PARA-



PARAPHRASE *of an Ode of* HORACE
to DIANA.

Inscribed to Mrs. B—————r.

Montium Custos, Nemorumque Virgo.

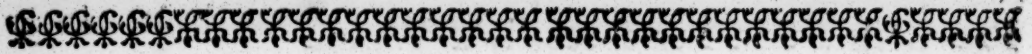
L. 3. Ode 22.

August, 1753.

C HASTE Ranger of the Hills and Groves,
Propitious to connubial Loves,
Who to the burthen'd Matron's Pray'r
In Pity bend a favouring Ear,
If rightly call'd: Birth-giving Dame,
Lucina, or what other Name
Delight Thee most, exert thy Pow'r,
And watch o'er Beauty's teeming Hour,
That Hour, enroll'd within the Page
Which tells in Heav'n thy Course and Age,

Attend

Attend, and ease a Matron's Throws,
 Pay with a Son her short-liv'd Woes ;
 Then, Goddess, as thy Bounty's Meed,
 Each Year the tusky Boar shall bleed,
 In *Langley's* healthful high Retreat,
 Or, *Gillian*, thy sequester'd Seat ;
 And, *Phæbus*, stretch thy healing Care
 To one so like thy *Daphne* fair,
 Whose Elegance of Soul might steal
 A Statesman from the public Weal ;
 Then yearly will I cull fresh Bays
 For him who best shall tune thy Praise ;
 And yearly shall the flowing Bowl,
 Thy Blessing, *Bacchus*, chear the Soul.



A TRUE STORY.

Injēctæ collo sic jacuere comæ

Hos habuit Vultus, hæc illi Verba fuerunt,

Hic Color, hæc facies, hic Decor Oris erat.

IN *April's* Front the Sun was seen
 Strewing with Flow'rs Earth's Lap of Green;
 And all its Warblers chear'd the Grove,
 Renewing Harmony and Love.

Proud of its Walks and Structure wide,
 Where *Ranelagh* o'erlooks thy Tide,
 Great River-God, a jocund Train,
 Prince, Subject, Citizen and Swain,
 With many a Maid from West to East
 Of * Freedom held the usual Feast;

* Masquerade.

The Pride of *London's* stately Dames
 Hence threw a Lustre o'er the *Thames*,
 In vary'd Shapes, and brighter Dyes
 Than paint the Summer's Evening Skies ;
 On them attendant Youth and Age,
 The Quaint, the Frolic and the Sage,
 All gorgeous as the Son of *May*,
 Appear'd, in motly'd Liveries, gay.
 Simplicity the Garment took
 Of Shepherd-Maid with Scrip and Crook ;
 And Dignity the sweeping Gown,
 The purple and the starry Crown.
 But fairest of the Thousands fair,
 One Beauty stole the public Care ;
 Unknown, for she was wont to fly
 The courtly Throng and envying Eye ;
 Her Cheeks, with Virgin-blushes strewn,
 Like Beds of Roses freshly blown,

Had *Hebe's* Bloom, all *Hebe's* Smiles,
 And without *Cytherea's* Wiles
 Her winning Grace ; the wanton Air
 Dispers'd in Waves her flowing Hair ;
 Beholders, by her Eyes inform'd,
 Were with new Sense of Virtue warm'd,
 Imbib'd her Gentleness of Mind,
 And grew benign to human kind :
 If in the Dance she mix'd, the Gaze
 Of Crowds pursued her thro' the Maze,
 Statesmen a while forgot the State,
 The Bride fore trembled for her Mate ;
 Old Age her passing Steps admir'd,
 And Youth with glowing Eyes enquir'd,
 " What Maid is she so highly blest,
 " Who steals all Wonder from the rest ?
 " Such Loveliness may not be found
 " In Towns for loveliest Dames renown'd ;

" On

“ On that sweet Face the live-long Day

“ I could look Time and Life away ;

“ Possess'd of those celestial Charms

“ Not Heav'n could tempt me from her Arms.”

But chief amid the Throng was seen

A careless Youth of easy Mien,

Thyrsis, who oft resolv'd and swore

That Love should prompt his Sighs no more ;

But what can Oaths or Vows avail

Oppos'd to Beauty's weightier Scale ?

He stood a Moment to admire,

Soon chang'd his Wonder to Desire ;

He thought her of the Virgin-throng,

Quick spread the Flame his Veins along ;

He would have turn'd his Steps away,

His rooted Feet would not obey ;

In vain he struggled to depart,

Love held him captive by the Heart :

Then calling Reason's feeble Aid,
He argued with himself, and said,
" On that fair Angel-face to gaze
" Is giving Breath to fan the Blaze ;
" Yet who from Beauty turns his Eyes,
" From Virtue's sweet Resemblance flies ;
" Design'd to give the World Delight,
" Old Age grows youthful at her Sight ;
" Great God of Love, oh hear me now,
" And constant at thy Shrine I'll bow,
" Touch with thy silver-pointed Dart,
" That tender blushing Maiden's Heart,
" Till our Affections mutual glow,
" And with our Years our Fondness grow,
" That future Times may wond'ring tell,
" None lov'd so long, who lov'd so well."
He pray'd, and fix'd his Fate to try,
He turn'd on her's his wishful Eye,

With

With trembling Steps approach'd the Dame,

Confusion witnessing his Flame,

And softly pressing in the Shade

Her rosy Fingers, sigh'd and said,

“ Fair Wonder of the human Race,

“ Thy Sex's Envy and its Grace,

“ Blest who begot Thee, and the Breast

“ That nurs'd, and she who bore Thee blest;

“ Lift, gentle, (for Unkindness ne'er

“ Can harbour in a Form so fair)

“ With Pity hear a Youth's Distress,

“ Whom You and You alone can bless;

“ Doom with a Word to endless Pain,

“ Or bless beyond the Lot of Men;

“ For witness ev'ry God above,

“ If you, sweet Maid, repay my Love.”——

——Mistaken Youth, she said, forbear:

“ Urge not a Suit, I must not hear;

“ Full

“ Full many fairer may’st thou find,
 “ Neither by Choice nor Tye confin’d ;
 “ My Faith from him no Pow’r shall part,
 “ Who with my Hand receiv’d my Heart ;
 “ Truth ties the voluntary Chain,
 “ And bids thee sue, fond Youth, in vain :”
 She turn’d away —— As at Death’s Stroke,
 Cold chilling Damps his Body shook,
 Fix’d were his Eyes, wild turn’d his Brain,
 Thence waking to Despair and Pain,
 He fought the Horrors of the Grove,
 In Madness to forget his Love ;
 But what avails the Grove he fought,
 No Gloom can hide her from his Thought ;
 Like *Delia* in the Dance or Chace,
 Yet passing *Delia*’s self in Grace,
 To Grove or Lawn, fly where he will,
 He sees her there and loves her still ;

Oft he would hang, with downcast Look,
 A mourning Statue o'er the Brook,
 Oft o'er the Mountains wildly run,
 As he had Deeds of Murder done,
 Then stop, and Tears as Winter-rains
 Shed copious, mutt'ring dolorous Strains;
 Till sinking on a Moss-grown Bed
 He sadly sigh'd his last and said,
 " Dye, dye, fond Wretch, nor let her hear
 " A Groan that may offend her Ear;
 " Yet when my silent Couch is made,
 " And low, with kindred Dust I'm laid,
 " Then, Swains, my too untimely Fate
 " To her, by whom I fell, relate;
 " Pity, tho' Love refus'd to save,
 " May with one Tear enrich my Grave."
 He spoke, with mortal Grief oppress'd,
 And on Earth's Bosom sunk to rest.

Still do the Swains of *Hunton's Vale*

His Death in annual Dirge bewail,

And friendly, thus, to the Deceas'd,

Some rural Bard his Stone hath grac'd ;

“ Here, pierc'd by Love's severest Dart,

“ Is laid a fond and faithful Heart,

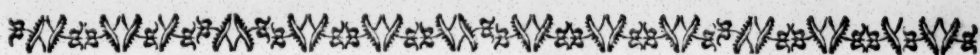
“ No selfish Care, no cruel Hate

“ E'er bid its gen'rous Pulse to beat,

“ Unarm'd alone to Beauty's Stroke,

“ Too weak for hopeless Love——it broke.”





*To a PAINTER, who attempted a Portrait
of SYLVIA.*

P A I N T E R, lay thy Pencil by,
Fate resides in *Sylvia's* Eye ;

Should'st thou prosper in thy Art,

Know, she'll rob thee of thy Heart.

Canst thou paint her Neck and Hair,

And the Loves which revel there ;

While thou see'st her Bosom rise,

Why that Moisture in thy Eyes ?

View her Smiles, then, Artist, say,
Can thy Pencil Heav'n display ?
Thy trembling Hand will soon attest,
Her Canvas is the Painter's Breast.



~~~~~

*To a WOODLARK, that sung daily at my  
Window.*

SWEET Visitant, whose Song may vie  
 With the Night-warbler's Melody;  
 Tho' she in Love's soft Tone complains,  
 Yet grateful flow thy temp'rate Strains,  
 And vary'd too; from Grief's long Note  
 To rapid Joy, thy trembling Throat  
 Pursues the wild harmonious Maze,  
 Not grudging its unlesson'd Lays;  
 When *Morn* unbars the Gates of Light,  
 Or *Hesper* leads the Train of Night;  
 While *Philomel* in some lone Vale  
 Tells only to the Stars her Tale,

And wand'ring Lovers; these her Song  
 Delighted hear; nor hear it long;  
 For soon the soft Complainer yields  
 The tuneful Empire of the Fields  
 To thee; thy Notes the Ploughman chear,  
 When *Earth* first springs to meet the Year,  
 And when her blushing Spoils betray  
 Her Commerce with the God of Day,  
 When laughing *Ceres* crowns her Joys,  
 The Harvest Hymn thy Voice employs.

Sweet Bird, like thee if I could sing,  
 These Valleys with thy Praise should ring.

EPISTLE



EPISTLE *to* LUCY.

**T**HAT Joy, fair Rover, be reserv'd for Thee,  
Which with thy Absence took its Flight  
from me;

Sad is my Heart, dim grow my languid Eyes,  
And from my Cheek Health's roseate Colour flies;  
In my wan Looks the Youths my Sorrow read,  
And ask from whence my heart-felt Sighs proceed;  
By various Answers I their Doubts remove,  
And charge the Change to ev'ry Cause but Love;  
In vain they bid me climb the sleepy Hill,  
The Vale delights me and the babling Rill;

To

To Books I fly, but what Relief from Books  
 Where each kind Thought revives thy kinder Looks ;  
 Where, if the Poet sings, thy Voice I hear,  
 And fancied Musick mocks my ravish'd Ear ;  
 Where'er all Day I turn'd my wearied Eye,  
 Thy Beauties, Lucy, pictur'd I descry ;  
 Thee long accustom'd to behold and love,  
 Nought else they see, nought else my Eyes approve ;  
 When o'er the Earth Night drives her silent Car,  
 And from Heav'ns fretted Roof the glimm'ring Star  
 Casts awful Light, such Light as o'er the Dead  
 In solemn Vaults the dying Tapers shed,  
 When not a Breeze disturbs the placid Deep,  
 But the tir'd Waves upon their Waters sleep,  
 And Nature rests ; no Rest to me the Night  
 Or Darknefs brings, for robb'd in orient Light,  
 Thy Image comes, converts my Night to Day,  
 And calls up Thought that will not from thee stray :

If 'tis a Fault with fuch Excefs to grieve,  
 Sure, 'tis a Fault that Lucy may forgive :  
 Haſte then and tell me, whence this Thirſt to roam,  
 This ſtrange Deſire to leave thy native Home :  
 Say, does thy Lover's Voice delight no more,  
 Once he could pleaſe, or Lucy falſely ſwore ;  
 What mean'd that Anguiſh when we parted laſt,  
 Thoſe back-turn'd Looks, thoſe Vows to come in  
     haſte,

Yet now full fifteen tedious Moons are gone,  
 And ſtill I'm doom'd thy Abſence to bemoan ;  
 Tho' you have learn'd like other Maids to feign,  
 Yet come, and let me be deceiv'd again :  
 Oh no, my Pride diſdains the Tricks of Art,  
 The practis'd Fondneſs that belies the Heart ;  
 Ill fair the Maid, and ſlighted be her Charms,  
 Who flies from Peace to Noiſe and rude Alarms ;

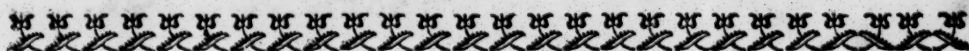
Quits



Quits Sense and Joy, and Love's enchanting Sounds,  
 For Hounds, and Men more savage than their Hounds;  
 There let her dwell, her Sex's Scorn and Shame,  
 In Life obscure, forgotten be her Name:  
 But oh vain Rage! can Lucy be forgot  
 While this fond Brain has Memory and Thought?  
 Come, with thy winning Words dispel my Pain,  
 Cling round me still, and I'll no more complain.



*After*



*After the DEATH of the same.*

YE Rivers swollen by my streaming Eyes,  
 Ye Breezes warm by my repeated Sighs,  
 Wild Beasts and Birds, and all ye woodland Throng,  
 That fright the Vales, or charm them with your Song,  
 Once pleasing Hills, sad Sources now of Pain,  
 Where Love, as wonted, would my Steps detain ;  
 Erst fairer than my native *Cumbrian* Hills,  
 The Vales of *Derwent* and the gurgling Rills ;  
 \* Herbs, Flow'rs, Plants, Caves, Streams, Shades and  
     whisp'ring Airs,  
 Children of Spring that us'd to sooth my Cares,  
 In vain I seek among your Wilds to see  
 That Angel-form which made you dear to me ;

---

\* Fior', Frond', herb', ombr', antr', ond', Aure soavi.

PETRARCH.

Where are her Eyes, my Life's directing Light?

Her gentle Voice, the Musick of Delight?

Where is the Breast on which my Soul was wrote?

Oh where is she, that own'd both Life and Thought?

Tell me ye Nymphs who haunt these Streams and

Bow'rs,

(For you can witness to my happier Hours)

And tell me, Sun, if in thy ample Round

A Heart so truly wretched may be found,

Which Anguish Charms, to whose increasing Grief,

No Hand but Death's can minister Relief:

Yes, that wou'd please me, for 'tis Life to dye,

And join my Lucy in her native Sky.

F I N I S.





*This Day is publish'd,*

Neatly printed in a POCKET VOLUME,

(Price Bound 3s).

LETTERS from an ARMENIAN

IN

I R E L A N D,

To his FRIENDS at TREBISOND, &c.

Printed for W. OWEN, at *Temple-Bar*:

Of whom may be had, Price 1s.

By the same Author,

O F B E A U T Y.

To the EARL of \* \* \* \* \*



